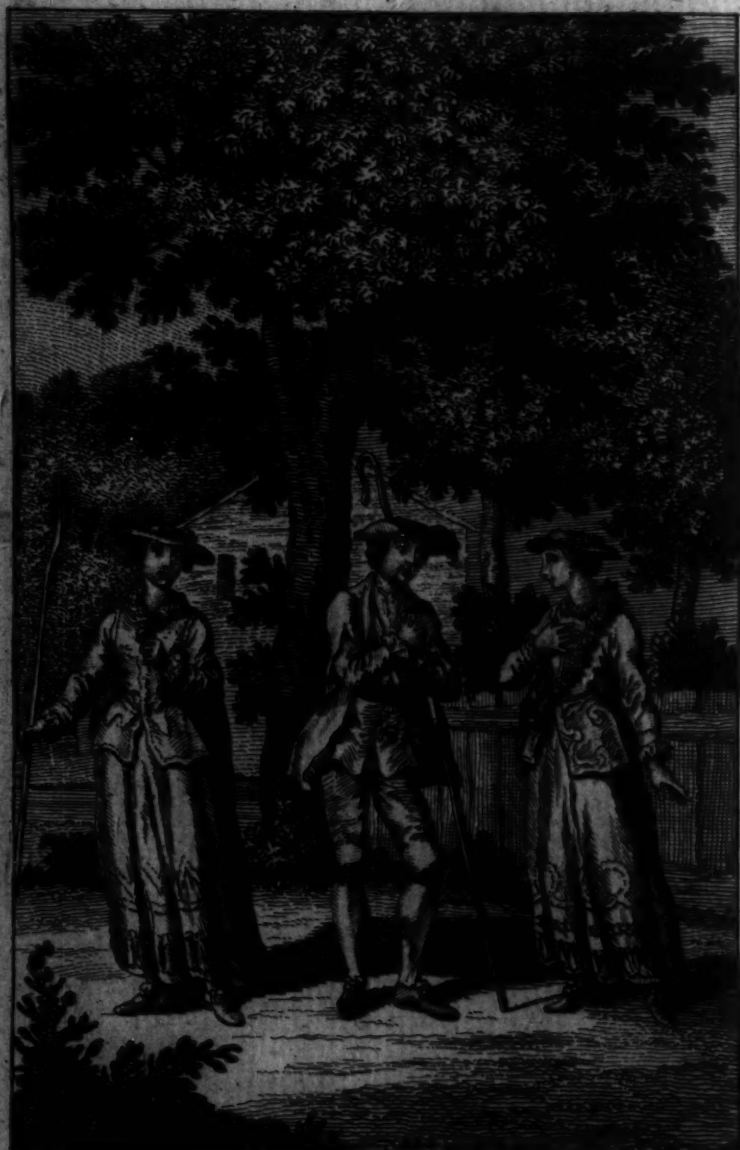


Wale. Delin. sc.

J. Jans. Sculp.



Wale. Delin. sc.

J. Jans. Sculp.

1488. b. 29

T H E
C H A P L E T.

A

Musical Entertainment.

As it is Perform'd by

His MAJESTY's Company of Comedians,

A T T H E

Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden*.

The Music Compos'd by Dr. BOYCE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, W. NICOLL,
and S. BLADON. MDCCCLXVII.

[Price Six-pence.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

at COVENT-GARDEN, 1767.

DAMON,

Mr. Beard.

PALEMÓN,

Mr. Matlocks.

LAURA,

Mrs. Abegg.

PASTORA,

Mrs. Vernon.

SCENE, *A GROVE.*



71-



THE
CHAPLET.

A

Musical Entertainment.

PART I. SCENE I.

DAMON, LAURA.

LAURA.

UNgrateful *Damon*! Is it come to this?
Are these the happy Scenes of promis'd Bliss?

Ne'er hope, vain *Laura*, future Peace to prove?
Content ne'er harbours with neglected Love!

A 2

DAMON.

D A M O N.

Consider, Fair, the ever-restless Power
Shifts with the Breeze, and changes with the
Hour:

Above Restraint he scorns a fix'd Abode,
And on his silken Plumes flies forth the
rambling God.

A I R.

You say at your Feet that I wept in Despair,
And vow'd that no Angel was ever so fair;
How could you believe all the Nonsense I
spoke?

What know we of Angels? — I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
And nothing but Death should my Passion
remove.

I have lik'd you a Twelve-month, a Calendar
Year,
And not yet contented — have Conscience, my
Dear.

R E-

RECITATIVE.

To Day *Demetras* gave a rural Treat,
 And I once more my chosen Friends must meet.
 Farewell, sweet Damsel, and remember this,
 Dull Repetition deadens all our Bliss.

[*Exit.*

A 3

SCENE



S C E N E II.

L A U R A.

Where baleful Cypress forms a gloomy Shade,
 And yelling Spectres haunt the dreary Glade;
 Unknown to all, my lonesome Steps I'll bend;
 There weep my Suff'rings, and my Fate attend.

A I R.

Vain is ev'ry fond Endeavour
 To resist the tender Dart:
 For Examples move us never,
 We must feel to know the Smart.

When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our Beauties sets to View;
 Vanity her Aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due.

Softer

Softer than the vernal Breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful Strain;
 Frowning Truth our Sex displeases,
 Flattery never sues in vain.

Soon, too soon, the happy Lover
 Does our tend'rest Hopes deceive;
 Man was form'd to be a Rover,
 Foolish Woman to believe.

[Exit.

SCENE



S C E N E III.

DAMON *and several Shepherds drinking.*

DAMON.

In Mirth and Pastime ev'ry Hour employ,
 Lost is the Day that is not spent in Joy;
 Here strew your Roses, here your Chaplets
 bring,
 And listen, Neighbours, to the Truths I sing.

A I R.

Push about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the
 Heart,
 While thus we sit round on the Grass;
 The Lover who talks of his Suff'rings and
 Smart,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten
Pelf,

And wishes to add to the Mass;
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of
himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Beau, who so smart with his well-
powder'd Hair,

An Angel beholds in his Glass,
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the
Fair,
May justly be reckon'd an Ass.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will
roam,

Of *Crasus* the Wealth to surpass;
And oft' while he's wandering, my Lady at
Home

Claps the Horns of an Ox on an Ass.

The Lawyer so grave when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well cover'd with Brass;

Tho'

Tho' he talk to no Purpose, he pockets your
Fee ;

There you, my good Friend, are the Afs.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry Ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this Class ;

The sick Man awhile may confide in his Skill,
But Death proves the Doctor an Afs.

Then let us, Companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take the Bottle and Laff ;

For he who his Pleasures puts off for a Day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE



SCENE IV.

PASTORA, PALÆMON.

PALÆMON.

Indeed, *Pastora*, spite of all you say,
I must this very Instant haste away ;
You think my Flame's extinguish'd quite, I
know ;
And other Objects strike me—may be so.

PASTORA.

Perfidious Boy ! I know 'tis *Silvia's* Charms
That tear *Palæmon* from these circling Arms ;
But soon perhaps some other wiser Youth
May learn to set due Value on my Truth.

PALÆMON.

PALEMON.

Whoe'er the Youth may be, who claims
my Part,
He has my full Consent with all my Heart.

A I R.

Farewel, my *Pastora*, no longer your Swain,
Quite sick of his Bondage, can suffer his Chain:
Nay arm not your Brow with such haughty
Disdain,
My Heart leaps with Joy to be free once again.
Sing tol derol.

I'll live like the Birds, those sweet Tenants of
May,

Who always are sportful, who always are gay:
How sweetly their Sonnets they carol all Day:
Their Love is but Frolick, their Courtship
but Play.
Sing tol derol.

PALEMON.

If

If struck by a Beauty they ne'er saw before,
In chirping soft Notes they her Pity implore ;
She yields to Intreaty ; and when the Fit's o'er,
'Tis an Hundred to Ten that they never meet
more.

Sing tol derol. [Exit.

PASTOR.

Insulting Boy ! I'll tear him from my Mind ;
Ah ! wou'd my Fortune could a Husband find :
And just in Time young *Damon* comes this
Way ;
A handsome Youth he is, and rich they say.

SCENE



SCENE V.

DAMON, PASTOR.

DAMON.

Vouchsafe, sweet Maid, to hear a wretched
Swain,

Who, lost in Wonder, hugs the pleasing Chain,
For you in Sighs I hail the rising Day;
To you at Eve I sing the love-sick Lay;
Then take, my Love, my Homage as your
Due.

The Devil's in her if all this won't do. [*Aside.*

A I R.

DAMON.

Beauteous Maid, reward my Passion,
Crown with Hopes my fierce Desire.

SHE

S H E.

Soon to yield is not the Fashion,
Maids some Courtship should require.

H E.

Tedious Courtship damps all Pleasure,
By this melting Kifs I swear.

S H E.

Now you're rude beyond all Measure ;
Kifs again, Sir, if you dare.

H E.

Where yon Bank the Willows cover,
We will shun the Heat of Day.

S H E.

You're in too much Haste, young Lover,
For the Priest must lead the Way.

H E.

We can do without him better,
None but Fools would marry now ;
Priests the free-born Mind would fetter,
We will meet without a Vow.

B 2

PASTORA.

S H E

PASTORA.

Away, false Man, no more your Tale I'll hear ;
The black Attempt offends my rigid Ear :
The Joys I taste shall be without a Crime ;
I'll ne'er be fool'd by Man—a second Time.

[*Aside.*]

DAMON.

If so, farewell, I'll other Regions try ;
My gen'rous Mind disdains the slavish Tie,
Lovers, like Warriors, oft Repulses meet ;
Yet both undaunted their Attacks repeat.

A I R.

H E.

From Flow'r to Flow'r his Joy to change,
Flits yonder wanton Bee ;
From Fair to Fair thus will I range,
And I'll be ever free.

S H E.

Yon little Birds attentive view,
That hop from Tree to Tree ;

I'll

I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

H E.

While Tempests shake the nodding Grove,
And plough the foaming Sea ;
While Hawks pursue the flying Dove,
So long will I be free.

S H E

'Till on the Bush the Lily grows,
'Till Flocks forsake the Lea,
'Till from the Rock bursts forth the Rose,
You'll find me blithe and free.

B O T H.

Then let's divide to East and West,
Since we shall ne'er agree ;
And try who keeps their Promise best,
And who's the longest free. [Exeunt.

B 3

T H E

I'll copy them, I'll copy you
For I'll be ever true

While I'm alive, I'll be the loving dove
And though the stormy sea
While I'm alive, I'll be the loving dove
So long will I be true

Till on the hills the lark is true
Till the lark is true
Till from the rock the lark is true
You'll find me true and true
Born

Then let's divide the husband's wage
Since we shall never agree
And my who keeps their rooming bed
And who's the longest true

THE



THE
CHAPLET.

A
Musical Entertainment.

PART II. SCENE I.

LAURA.

A I R.

WHAT Med'cine can soften the Bosom's
keen Smart?

What *Lethe* can banish the Pain?

What Cure can be met with to sooth the fond
Heart,

That's broke by a faithless young Swain?

In hopes to forget him how vainly I try
 The Sports of the Wake and the Green ;
 When *Colin* is dancing, I say with a Sigh,
 'Twas here first my *Damon* was seen.

When to the pale Moon the soft Nightingales
 moan

In Accents so piercing and clear ;
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a Groan,
 As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A Garland of Willow my Temples shall shade,
 And pluck it, ye Nymphs, from yon Grove ;
 For there to her Cost was poor *Laura* betray'd,
 And *Damon* pretended to love.

[Exit.]

SCENE



S C E N E II.

D A M O N.

A charming Consort would have fill'd these
Arms,

Had I but yielded to *Pastora's* Charms;
How blest'd would then have been my future
Life,

Palemon's Mistress turn'd to *Damon's* Wife;
Yet in her Coin the wily Nymph I'll pay,
And all her Schemes of Vanity betray.

Then hasten to *Laura*, that much injur'd Fair,
And snatch her from the Jaws of black
Despair.

[Exit.

S C E N E



SCENE III.

PASTORA.

A I R.

In vain I try my ev'ry Art,
Nor can I fix a single Heart,
Yet I am not old or ugly :
Let me consult my faithful Glass,
A Face much worse than this might pass,
Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet blest'd with all these pow'rful Charms,
The young *Palemon* fled these Arms,
That wild unthinking Rover ;
Hope, silly Maids, as soon to bind
The rolling Stream, the flying Wind,
As fix a rambling Lover.

But

But hamper'd in the Marriage Noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty Riot;
Like Madmen how they rave and stare,
Awhile they shake their Chains and swear,
And then lie down in Quiet.

SCENE



S C E N E IV.

To her DAMON.

Once more I come to hear what you decree ;
Yet ere you pass your Sentence, list to me.

A I R.

Declare, my pretty Maid,
Must my fond Suit miscarry ?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your Mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry ;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.

Tho'

Tho' Charms and Wit assail,
The Stroke I well can parry;
I love to kiss, and toy and play,
But do not chuse to marry.

Young *Molly* of the Dale
Makes a mere Slave of *Harry*;
Because when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
The foolish Swain wou'd marry.

These fix'd Resolves, my Dear,
I to the Grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, and kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.

PASTOR A.

Dare you avow, false Youth! your lawless
Flame?
Think not to tempt me to a Deed of Shame!

HAL

E

DAMON.

D A M O N.

Say, have you ask'd your never-conquer'd
Heart

How many Years it may resist the Dart?

For long Attacks the strongest Fortress waste,
And *Troy* stood ten Years Siege, but fell at
last.

P A S T O R A L.

Vainly you hope my virtuous Heart to move;
I know your vile Intent, and scorn your Love.

D A M O N.

Turn, turn your Eyes to yonder conscious
Shade;

There a young Shepherd met a haughty Maid;
The Pines that hang o'er yonder dusky Dell,
The babbling Pines, a Tale of Scandal tell;
And tattling Willows to the Plains proclaim,
Palemon was the happy Lover's Name.

Ha! do you start?——*Pastora*, fam'd for
Truth

And rigid Virtue, clasp'd a blooming Youth;
And laying ev'ry sterner Thought aside,
Indulg'd her Pleasure, and forgot her Pride.

PASTORA.

Disastrous Fate! how could he hear the Tale?

[*Aside.*

You've lost all Hopes, and now begin to rail.

C 2

SCENE



SCENE V.

To them LAURA,

A I R.

How unhappy's the Nymph
Who weeps to the Wind,
And doats with Despair
On a Swain that's unkind?

DAMON.

I see the Fates determine I shall wed ;
Two Nymphs are ready to partake my Bed :
Which shall I chuse? *Pastora's* wond'rous fair,
And *Laura* sparkles like the Morning Star.

SCENE

PASTORA,

PASTORA, *Aside.*

Come, there are Hopes ; now, *Venus*, lend
each Grace,
And with bewitching Beauties arm my Face.

DAMON.

A I R.

Three Goddeffes standing together,
Thus puzzled young *Paris* one Day :
Can I judge the Value of either,
Where both bear so equal a Sway ?

PASTORA.

Consider my Wit and Condition,
Consider my Person likewise ;
I never was us'd to petition ;
But pr'ythee make use of your Eyes.

LAURA.

No Merit I plead but my Passion,
'Twere needless to mention your Vow ;
Reflect

Reflect with a little Compassion

On what this poor Bosom feels now.

DAMON.

Some Genius direct me, or Demon,

Or else I may chance to chuse wrong—

[After some Pause.

You're Part of the Goods of *Palemon*,

I give you to whom you belong.

PASTORA, *Aside.*

Misjudging Wretch! with Rage my Bosom
glows;

Can he prefer a Nettle to a Rose?

A. I. R.

I know that my Person is charming,

Beyond what a Clown can discover:

That Dowdy your Senses alarming,

Proves what a blind Thing is a Lover.

I'll quit the dull Plains for the City,

Where Beauty is follow'd by Merit;

Your

Your Taste, simple *Damon*, I pity ;
Your Wit, who would wish to inherit ?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
And that I my Anger wou'd smother ;
The Loss of one Lover can't vex me,
My Charms will procure me another.

I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you ;
How odious they look ! I can't bear 'em !
I wish you much Joy of your Fury ;
My Rage into Pieces could tear 'em.

[Exit.]

SCENE

Again

SCENE *the Last.*

DAMON.

To thee, kind Nymph, as to offended Heav'n,
 I own my Faults, and sue to be forgiven;
 Then, gentle *Laura*, clear my past Offence,
 Repentance is ally'd to Innocence.

LAURA.

Think not a rigid Judge your Faults arraigns;
 My tender Bosom feels for all your Pains;
 In those sad Hours, when to the secret Grove
 I told my Pangs of inauspicious Love,
 My only Pray'r was once again to see
 The lovely Author of my Misery!

Again

Again to clasp him to my beating Breast;
The Gods have heard my Vows, and *Laura's*
blest,

DAMON.

A I R.

Contented all Day I will sit at your Side;
Where Poplars far-stretching o'er-arch the
cool Tide,
And while the clear River runs purling along,
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their
Song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me no Danger I fear,
Ye Lambs rest in Safety, my *Damon* is near;
Bound on, ye blithe Kids, now your Gambols
may please,
For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is
at Ease.

DAMON,

D A M O N.

Ye Virgins of *Britain*, bright Rivals of Day,
The Wish of each Heart, and the Theme of
each Lay;

Ne'er yield to the Swain, 'till he make you
a Wife.

For he who loves truly will take you for Life.

L A U R A.

Ye Youths, who fear nought but the Frowns
of the Fair,

'Tis your's to relieve, not to add to their
Care;

Then scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet Creatures you're born to
defend.

B O T H.

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins re-
nown'd;

Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be
found;

Be

Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and
Truth,
To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in
their Youth.

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